

From out that mountain's bright and tender stone,
All by the strokes of one man's chissel done.
There was a chapel, hall, and chambers grouped,
With passages and steps and windows scooped.
The smooth and upright rock's projecting side,
The artist, with an even front supplied.
In which the entrances and casements placed,
By the drapery of some vines were graced.
The small and narrow space of level ground
Formed with sweet herbs and flowers a garden 'round,
Where climbing vines, on poles and rockwork hung,
Their rich festoons with purple clusters strung—
And many a cooling summer seat was there,
For meditation meet, and holy prayer.
Caspar, for such the name the young man bore,
Approached with confidence Anselmo's door.
Anselmo was a man of middle life,
Active and vigorous, and inured to strife,
The hardy offspring of a warlike soil:
His youth and manhood had been spent in toil:
His temper open, generous and frank,
His dress and manners suited to his rank.
With kindly welcome he received his guest;
And cheerfully complied with his request.
He brought the body from that fatal spot,
And laid it in the chapel at his grot.
With kind observance on his guest attends,
And seemed as free as with his oldest friends.
To him no tender solace was unknown,
Mingling the stranger's sorrow with his own:
He told kind tales, his burden to relieve;
The sprightly moments left no space to grieve.